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To Chaucer.

Great is the man who noble deeds has wrought.
For his example lives beyond his death;
And from his bay-strewn tomb a Heaven-sent breath
Seems to repeat the words that once he taught:
Chaucer arrayed before the Saxon muse
Stands true and great with Shakspeare at his side,
And he and Shakspeare in a cause allied
Through cold Brittain's tongue new life diffuse.
Now lives his name beloved by noble sons,
Now soars his thought beyond the critic's grasp,
And his well-bought fair-garlands never die.
Let us then follow where his clear well runs
Where never reached the cursed critic's wasp,
Where all is truth, sweet poetry, and sky.

E. CHACON, '89.

The French Drama.

BY REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

The poet says that man is "a pendulum 'twixt smiles and tears," and the same may be rightly applied to the Drama. Indeed, no other kind of poetry represents with a more striking exactness the two opposite sides of human nature. This is perhaps the reason why Shakspeare deserves to be regarded as the greatest poet that ever existed: he is "the most human." None other, in fact, knew better than he not only how to combine harmoniously the real with the ideal, but above all how to blend in a vivid unity of character and action the sublime aspirations of the soul and the sad failures of life's experience. Moreover, it is a fact well known that the theatre is the noblest and most useful invention ever made by the human mind to polish and refine the external manners of society. But it is no less remarkable that this masterpiece of the poetical genius called Drama at-

tained to its relative perfection only when society itself had reached its highest degree of civilization. Hence the dramatic art, both in antiquity and modern times, was but slowly developed and organized; whilst epic poetry manifested itself in the very earliest stages of nations with greater boldness and power than during their maturity. Why was this? Because the epic poets, being permitted to indulge freely in the full audacity of genius, often succeeded in anticipating the following ages. On the contrary, the dramatic writer, whose mission is to instruct the multitude by exciting even their fiercest passions, is compelled to accommodate his ideas and feelings to those of the people with whom he lives. Wherefore, as long as a nation has still great progress to make, the theatre will hold but a secondary place in its literature. But no sooner does the same nation come to its maturity than the Drama takes the first rank among literary productions.

This is just what occurred in France at the beginning of the XVIIth century, as had happened in Greece more than two thousand years before. As forerunners, so to speak, of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Menander, Athens saw Thespis, Thrynichus and Cratinus. So, too, did France have Jodelle, Baif and Hardy, before admiring Corneille, Racine and Molière. We must confess, however, that none of the dramatic writers of the XVth century is calculated to excite even the least spark of literary curiosity; and when we come to think that they lived at the same time with Ronsard, Malherbe and Reignier, we easily realize how far removed the dramatic art then stood from all the other poetical compositions. In truth, we see in the tragedies or comedies of that epoch but disorder and irregularity: no taste, no clear knowledge of the genuine beauties of the stage.

The authors themselves seem to be as ignorant of the rules as the spectators. Most of the subjects appear unnatural and extravagant: no manners, no characters. The diction is still more faulty than the action: no wit, very little humor, and far-fetched maxims, or still more miserable puns, made the principal ornaments of the style. In short, all the simplest rules of composition, not to speak of decency and propriety, were everywhere violated without scruple.

At last came Corneille! But before analyzing the eminent qualities of that great and powerful genius, it will be well to pay some attention to a few dramatic poets of his time. This short review will enable us to appreciate all the better the excellencies which distinguish "the Father of the French Drama."

PREDECESSORS OF P. CORNEILLE.

I.—The first in date, if not in merit, was John Mairet. Born in Besançon on the 4th of January, 1601, of noble parents, whom he lost in his early childhood, he had just completed his course of Philosophy in Paris when he wrote for the stage "Cryseïs, Arimand and Sylvia." He was then seventeen years old. The play was well received, and its success attracted the attention of the Duke of Montmorency, who became his patron, and gave him an annual pension of 1500 pounds. The young *protégé* fully justified this confidence and favor not only by the rare courage which he showed in an expedition where he had accompanied his protector, but also by the poetical talent which he displayed in his tragedy entitled "Sophonisbe."

This is the only work of his upon which his fame rests, and yet, it is the only one which the actors deemed unsuitable for representation on the stage: they thought that the subject was too simple, the march of the play too regular, and the style too natural. But what had been refused to the poet was soon granted to his noble protector, and an immense success, which lasted forty years, proved beyond doubt that the dramatic art is by no means opposed to simplicity, regularity and naturalness. We are nowadays far from regarding "Sophonisbe" as a masterpiece; but, considering the time when it was published, it is a work most remarkable from the triple standpoint of composition, plan and style. An evident proof of this lies in the fact that Corneille, and after him Voltaire, treated the same subject, nor did their tragedies throw in the shade the play written by Mairet. One thing which is not to be forgotten is that Mairet was the first to observe therein the rule of a triple unity. This is a point which should

give him great credit, at least with regard to unity of action, the only rule of art, or rather the only standard of good common sense, which no sound critic would ever sacrifice upon the altars of romanticism.

II.—The second name we meet is that of Tristan the Hermit. He boastingly traced his family back to Peter the Hermit, the first preacher of the Crusades. With this we are very little concerned, for it is with the poet, as such, that we have now to deal.

Francis Tristan was born in 1604 in the castle of Soliers. While yet a child, he was chosen as companion to the Marquis of Verneuil. He had hardly reached his fourteenth year when he killed in a duel an officer of the royal guard and was forced to take refuge in England. The want of money brought him back to France under a false name, and Scevola de St. Marthe, whose house had sheltered him sixteen months, having noticed his literary aptitude, obtained for him the position of secretary to the Marquis of Villars. Another nobleman, attached to the person of the king, having recognized him in that humble condition, managed so well in his favor that he was not only pardoned, but appointed one of the attendants of Gaston, Duke of Orleans. Tristan made use of his leisure as courtier to satisfy his double passion for gambling and poetry. Unlucky as gambler, he found in devotion to the Muses a consolation against the blows of fortune, and the theatre became for him the source of triumphs such as one to-day cannot imagine. His play entitled "Marianne" was so successful that critics and public opinion for some time wavered between Tristan and Corneille himself.

III.—But the poet of that period, whom character and abilities seem to have brought nearer to Corneille, was born three years after him in the city of Dreux. The belfry of the Hôtel de Ville attested by the inscription engraved on its walls that one of his ancestors had exercised therein the functions of general lieutenant of the district. The name of that poet was John de Rotrou. In reading the Grecian tragedies he experienced such an enthusiasm that he determined to imitate them. When not more than nineteen years of age he wrote, and had represented on the stage, the "Hypocondriac," or "The Ghost in Love." One year later, he published "The Ring of Oblivion," the idea of which he took from Lope de Vega. Far from concealing it, he positively declared that what was best in the work belonged to the Spanish poet. Such modesty, rare indeed among writers, and above all the originality shown in the imitation itself,

gained for the young poet the favor of Cardinal Richelieu. The latter caused a comedy by Rotrou to be represented in his own palace; gave him a pension of six hundred pounds, and associated him with the other poets who used to work upon themes of his invention. Through this association he soon became acquainted with Corneille, who was somewhat older than himself, though less renowned at the time; and from that time there was formed between the two poets a mutual tie of esteem and friendship which thenceforth nothing was able to break, and proved stronger even than their rivalry in aiming at success.

Before the production of "The Cid," Corneille used to call Rotrou his father, and afterwards Rotrou called Corneille his master. Far from imitating Mairet and giving his approval to the jealous vengeance of Richelieu, he admired and defended the author of "The Cid," without any fear of losing the favor of the all-powerful minister. Not content with showing his admiration for that masterpiece, Rotrou easily realized that imitations of the Grecian or the Spanish theatre could lead only to transitory triumphs. He, by a kind of instinctive genius, felt how much Corneille's play surpassed the original, and did not hesitate to pronounce it to be a "real creation." But at the same time he endeavored in every way to give more regularity to his plans, more elevation to his characters, and more correctness to his style. His generous efforts were rewarded by legitimate success, and several new plays, tragedies and comedies, showed that he had not in vain followed in the footsteps of his master.

In less than twenty years Rotrou wrote more than forty dramatic compositions; still this wonderful facility did not add much to his glory. This is, in fact, a merit for which posterity gives very little credit to authors. All the works published by Rotrou betray a precipitancy of thought and carelessness of style which are always the natural defects of an excessively rich imagination. For instance, it is certain that had he taken care to eliminate from "Venceslas," his best drama, the bombastic phrases, the far-fetched antitheses, the puffed up metaphors which too often mar its best passages, the many beauties which shine therein would make of this tragedy one of the most perfect ever represented in the French theatre. As to Venceslas himself, no doubt that there is on the stage no greater character of king and father. Moreover, as often as actors will be found able to personate well this grand dramatic conception, the tragedy composed by Rotrou will stand without any disadvantage,

even beside the masterpieces produced by Corneille, from whom he seems to have partly borrowed his genius.

Who can say to what heights the author of "Venceslas" and "St. Genest," would have attained if death had not checked him in his career at an age when human talent is naturally inclined to grow greater? The cause of his premature death is too honorable not to permit us to enter into particulars.

Rotrou lived in Dreux, where he held the office of first lieutenant in civil and criminal affairs, and he used to come to Paris only to watch over the representation of his plays. He was there in the year 1650, taken up by some business of this kind, when he heard that an epidemic had broken out in his native town. It was typhoid fever of a very malignant character, which made such rapid progress that medical science was quite powerless to stop its ravages. Already had the mayor and the chief citizens succumbed to the plague; and, terrified or bewildered, everyone felt anxious to escape by flight from an otherwise inevitable doom. While all in a body sought to leave the seat of the infectious disease, one man only, notwithstanding the requests of his friends and the tears of his brother, determined to quit Paris. This he did at once and repaired to Dreux; that man was Rotrou. "What did you come here for?" asked his countrymen, grieved at his return. "I came to do my duty," said he; and forthwith he began to visit all the quarters of the city, giving here an example of courage, and there counsels of resignation. When coming back to his house in the evening, he writes to his brother this short note: "The peril to which I am now exposed is imminent. At this very moment I hear the bells ring to announce the twenty-second funeral for this one day. Perhaps my turn will come to-morrow; but my conscience dictated what my duty was. Let the will of God be done!" Three days later, Rotrou was no more. The will of God had struck at the age of forty-one a man who freely chose to be a good citizen rather than a great poet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRUDENCE is a virtue very necessary for us, if we wish to accommodate ourselves to the situation and dispositions of those with whom we have to deal. It teaches us to be very circumspect in our actions and words, and to avoid all that could be prejudicial to others, or could, in any way, wound charity or modesty.

Sunset.

The sunshine fast is fading now, the brow
Of earth is shining bright with glowing light;
So fades the day, as hiding from the sight,
Itself o'erspreads with sable robes, and now
Slow falling come the shadows on apace,
While o'er the earth in silence all profound
Calm nature sleeps nor wakes to jarring sound;
Her light is gone the sun hath hid his face.

How soon for us that dreadful day draws nigh
When fading earth shall vanish from our sight;
And all grow dim, and cold, and dark, and drear;
Then pray our angel take us to the sky
To Him who ever reigns in splendor bright—
The angel's joy—the Refuge from our fear.

H. A. HOLDEN.

A Drive Through the Camas Meadows.

(En route to the Yellowstone Park.)

BY A. F. Z.

Travelling by stage, as usually depicted, would seem to be a rather precarious undertaking. The old classical outfit so familiar in the West consists of a Concord coach drawn by four or six mules with an odd one at the reins. This odd mule, it is said, takes an exceeding delight in the discomfiture of the passengers, and if they manifest any delicacy whatever, he exerts every faculty, improves every opportunity and circumstance to thoroughly test their patience and constitutions. He drives at a slow, tantalizing pace where the roads are fine, because it would be a pleasure to travel fast; but when the hills appear, and the roads lead over the rocks and through the mud, this mule wakes up, begins to stir, terrifies the other mules, and away they go at full stampede through a whirlwind of dust or mud, over rocks or gulches and dangerous mountain passes, with the coach rocking violently in every direction and the unfortunate inmates jostling helplessly.

This is what I was prepared to endure on the way to Yellowstone Park, and indeed if all realized, it were a luxury compared to the previous day's ride on horseback from Shoshone Falls. Twenty-six miles is not far to travel in this manner if you have a saddle-horse of flesh and blood; but with an old petrified veteran of the civil war you grow tired in the knees and other parts. My steed was of that species that cannot trot nor amble. It could walk two miles an hour well enough, and when obliged to could gallop, but the transition from gallop to walk—oh! It was instantaneous and incomparably more severe than the ordinary railway collision;

say, the collision is a delicacy compared to it.

The road has many small hills the tops of which are smooth bed-rock, and it is here that the automaton always stops, because it would make him stiff to run down the other side. So we gallop along like the cow jumping over the moon and stop short at the top. The four adamantine legs all stop at once without the slightest resilience.

It is marvellous what a rigid mechanism nature can produce from a given quantity of material. After all a horse is only a bridge set on four slender columns, and what an excellent design of bridge this must be for rigidity.

To make the journey still more exasperating I had fished all the morning, and must cross the desert at mid-day beneath a blazing sun. To minimize the number of transitions I continued the gallop as steadily as possible, and finally discovered another peculiarity of the beast. When pretty hard ridden it began to cough and rock sidewise as well as fore and aft which I hold to be a delicious movement. Henceforth I no longer regarded it as a bridge of sighs, but a genuine charger (for home); and away we flew over hill and dale out-riding the ride to Winchester.

For hours we sped over a country as torrid and parched as the Sahara. The poor dried up bushes seemed to look at us as we passed, and wish they too could flee to a better land; the vast volcanic fields were cracked for miles as if yawning for water, but in vain; here and there were the remains of cattle that perished of thirst; that searched in agony far and near for drink until, with tottering steps and hope, they came to this basin, found none, fell down and died. A faithful dog that accompanied the horse followed bravely some hours, but at length succumbed. He, too, searched the deceitful basin. He howled with pain; crawled beneath the bushes, and dug for a cool place, but without relief. His feet grew sore and bled; he began to droop and fell far behind out of sight. Late in the day he arrived at the hotel hopping at intervals on different legs.

They keep a sofa at the hotel for all who return alive; and as I lay there discoursing at large on the wondrous beauty of Snake River in comes the dark Arab himself, and says: "Hello! I see you got back. How d'ye like the trip?" "Pretty good trip," say I; "that's a solid horse you got." "Aint he a dandy?" "That's what he is; and if you'll bring him down to Denver and hire him out to ride you'll get a fortune of it, dead sure, my word for it. I prefer him to a palace car any day." But the old man had heard such

remarks before, and shuffled off, saying: "I am glad you think so. Come and have a drink."

Fortunately, when the stage drove up next morning we saw not a Concord and four nor a mule at the reins, but a gentleman and a Studebaker's covered carriage from which the quality of the roads may be inferred. Our journey this morning lay through an exquisite stretch of country, known as the Camas Meadows. It is so called, because it abounds with the Camas plant—a vegetable everywhere recognized by its

plains. The sky was cloudless and fair as our morning sky in October, and as the gorgeous flood broke from the East in radiant streamers like the first blessing of the god of day, all nature awoke and began the morning anthem. The hills and valleys ring with matin songs, and from the green lap of earth the immaculate flowers look up and lift their sweet young faces joyously to greet the new-born day. All nature has become one temple, and as the departing dews arise like incense before the mighty tabernacle of the East, a myriad voices chant in choral union a glorious *Magnificat*. The conscious world, in gratitude, puts forth all its powers of earth and sky arrayed in gayest livery, and with great, melodious voice speaks benediction. No wonder the poor, untaught savage kneels down at this moment and, turning to the East, bows in adoration to the Divinity he feels, but knows not.

In addition to the natural beauty of the scenery, game is everywhere abundant. Sage hens in great numbers are peacefully engaged scratching and picking for their breakfast, and so fearless are they as scarcely to notice our passing. Many of them have their brood of young ones to provide for, and one in her motherly solicitude ventures to dispute with us the right of way. Long-necked curlews fly upon either side and glide on expanded wing to a safer distance. Great sand-hill cranes are occasionally seen, and pheasants appear at frequent intervals. Eagles and buzzards sweep constantly through the higher regions of the atmosphere here, and beneath them large and small hawks ply their fierce warfare. Ducks and many other varieties of waterfowl are found on all the waters of this region.



FALLS IN BEAVER CANYON.

little yellow flower, and which in the autumn attracts hundreds of Indian squaws to this place who, with a sharp pointed stick, grub out the roots to be afterwards dried and pounded for bread.

All forenoon we enjoyed an ideal drive. The roads were smooth and nowhere dusty. The early air fresh from the upland forests swept gaily on its mission to the desert, bearing everywhere the coolness and flowery fragrance which the mountains daily send for a salutation to the

The road traverses innumerable mountain streams, all of them branches of the Snake River, and all of the same exquisite description. Their waters are invariably cold, rapid, and clear as glass. So clear indeed is this water that every pebble can be seen distinctly in the deepest places, and all the fish large or small as they shoot here and there.

Trout fishing is excellent, and the art is plied at all seasons both for pleasure and for remuneration. The fish weigh from half a pound to

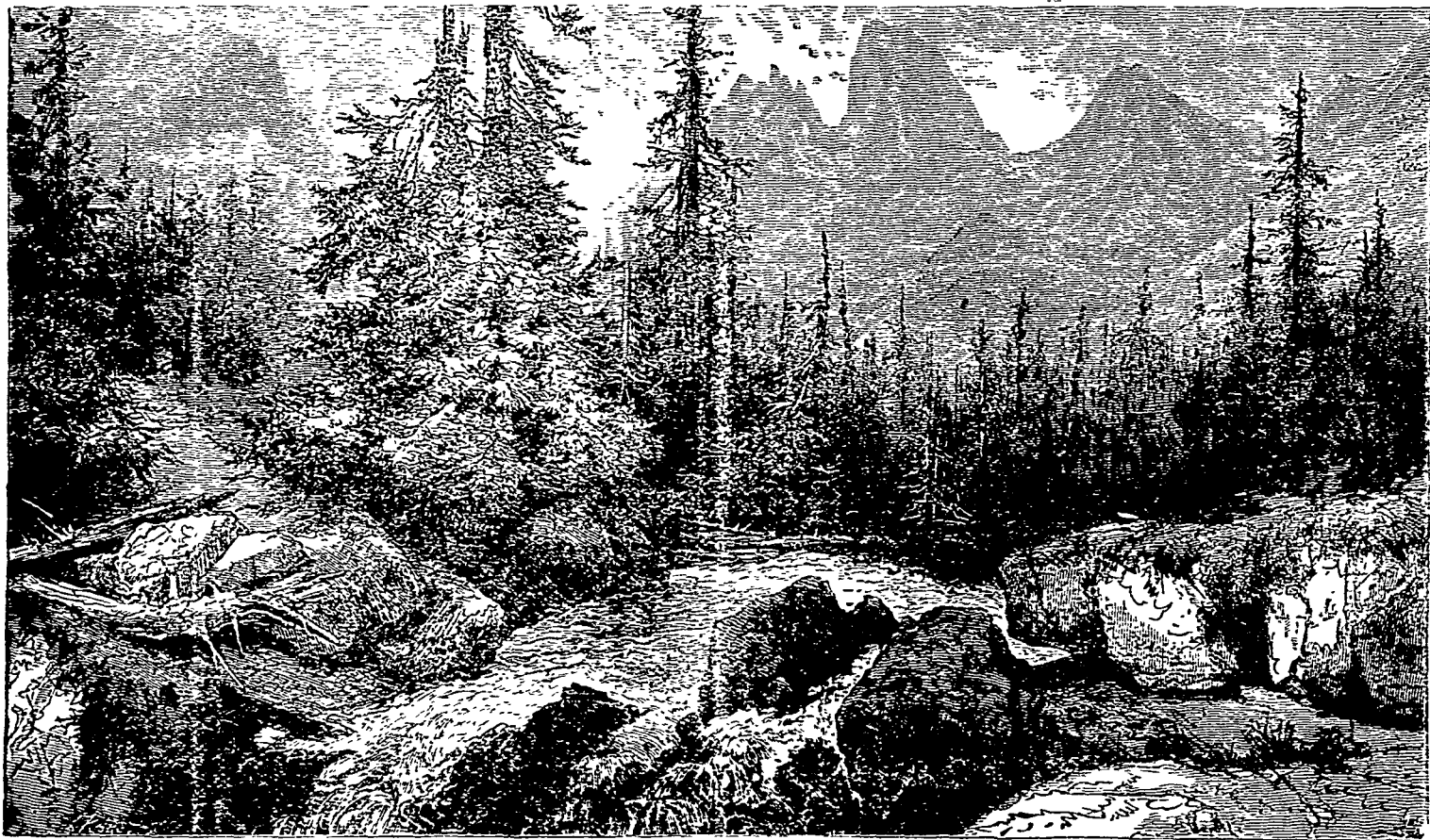
three or four pounds, and those who make it their business catch with hook and line an average of one hundred pounds a day each. A daily wagon runs from Henry Lake across the Snake River and tributaries to the station laden with fresh trout for Butte city and the neighboring towns. It is estimated that a million pounds have thus been shipped in the past four years, and the fishermen have realized some five dollars per day from their labors.

The Camas Meadows lie in a fertile valley which, Mr. Basset informs us, covers an area of one hundred thousand acres. It is all rich pasture land still awaiting the advent of settlers. The soil is black and deep. Clear mountain streams cross it in every direction affording abundant water for stock and irrigation. But

A man coming here the first of May can build a small cabin, hunt and fish until the first of November and leave with a title worth from \$800 to \$1200. This has been done repeatedly.

Such information we gathered from the farmer and his wife with whom we took dinner. They came here one year ago without home or money and are now in comfortable circumstances. So unique are the environments that travellers who pass here for the first time invariably wish to stop for a day to enjoy this novel home. It is indeed picturesque to a stranger. An ocean of grass encircles the house, droves of cattle, calves and sleek horses are scattered about the grass pasture grazing or beneath the shade of willows lie on the soft banks of the stream.

A little Buckeye mower rings through the



SHOTGUN CREEK.

the farmers do not irrigate because the water can be found anywhere at a depth of six feet. The average temperature is about the same as that of Nebraska. It is not determined what crops thrive best here. A farmer who has been experimenting on a small scale, finds it an excellent country for vegetables of all kinds, oats and wheat, though not for corn, as the season is too late.

The valley is nearly all public land which cannot be purchased in large tracts. By a wise provision of the government a man may have his choice of one hundred and sixty acres for the mere settling of it. But he must build a cabin and live there six years before he can obtain a title; or after a residence of six months he may purchase the land for \$1.25 per acre.

boundless hay field, and the driver in shirt sleeves sings the song of freedom. The children at play in the gorgeous meadow fill the air with such merriment as only children know. For awhile they gather strawberries, then wild flowers or, tiring of this, catch some fat grasshoppers and fish for trout. The oldest, a lad of eleven, is a good marksman, and supplies the family with rabbits, ducks and prairie chickens.

One of the party was so occupied as to forget paying for his dinner; and this afforded us an opportunity of seeing how a ranch man can ride. After we had left the house two miles behind, behold! the dueña came flying over the meadow at Indian speed without saddle or bridle, guiding the horse by a rope attached to his neck. The meal cost a dollar,

All that afternoon we passed through a similar country, the antelope and Sheridan valleys. They also are well watered and full of game. The largest stream here is Shotgun Creek, named after the lamentations of one of the early miners. He had camped with his comrades at this place, and seeing vast flocks of waterfowl all about him longed to shoot some but had no gun. Then he wished for a shot gun, and said to his friends, if he only had a shot gun. Oh, if he only had a shot gun! And all evening he wished for one, but it came not; and he wished all night till morning, but no shot gun came. "Morn came and went and came and brought no gun." And his friends seeing his great distress, laughed and derided him cruelly, singing:

"Oh, for a shot gun, shot gun, shot gun!
Oh, for a shot gun, shot gun, oh!"

And since that day the little stream has borne its barbarous name.

As we passed a number of log huts embossed at every corner with heads and antlers, the driver stopped on business, and an old man came out to see us. He wore two pairs of pants, a slouch hat, an old woollen shirt, and everlasting boots. On seeing us, he said, "Hello!" We shook hands and inquired about fishing. "Fishing? If you want to see the best fishing in the world, just go down there." We obeyed, and on approaching the stream, lo! the fish came shooting from every direction, right glad to see us. They came by legions from all quarters and crowded up to the shore, the big ones looking over the little ones in a vast multitude like the suckers that gather about some great politician.

Hurriedly gathering some flies from the bleeding horses we baited, and threw out; but before the flies touched water a hundred heads shot upwards with open mouths, the largest winning—the elevator. With sufficient hooks a large string may be caught at one throw. Again and again was this performance repeated, but the fish never took fright, nor lost their eagerness until the old man came and fed them. He keeps them here "for everybody's amusement, and charges nothing. They are not fenced in but have full play of the stream, and they gather here because they like me and I treat them like pets." Some one asked him if he did not find it lonely here without neighbors. "No," he said. "I have been living here thirty-seven years, and I am the happiest man in the world."

At sunset we reached the Snake River forded it and halted for the night at the Snake River hotel.

College Gossip.

—The Sunday School, as we have it, was first originated by St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, at the close of the XVIth century.—*Ex.*

—Professor—Gretchen! "Please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?" Gretchen—"Why, Professor! You are sitting on it, sir!"

—In St. Peter's College, Freshfield, near Liverpool, there are two colored students from America—Messrs. Joseph Griffin and James Brown, of Maryland—who intend to enter the Sacred Ministry.

—The trustees of the Peabody educational fund have elected Chief Justice Fuller to the vacancy caused by the death of Chief Justice Waite. The sum of \$67,000 was disbursed in the past year, the fund amounting to \$2,000,000.

—An automatic teacher of elocution is being suddenly employed by a number of actors and actresses! It is the phonograph. The example was set, says the *Indianapolis News*, by Clara Morris. She obtained a phonograph and used it to ascertain exactly how her speech sounded. She would recite portions of her rôles and then have it repeated again and again by the machine. Although the mechanical voice lacked in volume, its mimicry of emphasis, inflection and other qualities was precise.

—At the last meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Football Association the rules were revised to a considerable extent. From a report of the proceedings we copy a few of the most radical changes:

"Tackling may be made above the knees; centre rush can catch the ball without touching a third man. The term 'touch back' is new. It is when the player touches the ball to the ground behind his own goal; the impetus which sent the ball across the line having been received from opponents no player can lay his hands on or interfere with an opponent by use of hands or arms unless he has the ball; 'interference' is using the hands or arms in any way to obstruct or hold a player who has not the ball."

—New students are arriving almost every day at the Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., and there are already more on hand than the President expected this term. Parents having boys in this vicinity will find this a first-class institution to send them to. The present Faculty is an excellent one, and students under their charge cannot fail to acquire knowledge. It will be remembered that this institution, during the past two years, had been transformed into a Normal College for the teaching Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. This year new buildings were erected at the Mother-House, Notre Dame, and the College of the Sacred Heart was reopened with the brightest prospects. Its location on the outskirts of the city of Watertown presents the most beautiful site in the country for an establishment devoted to education.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, October 6, 1888.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of America, delivered an address to the students of the Modern History Course last Friday. The learned prelate spoke of the importance of the study of history, and urged his hearers to dive deep into historical studies. He said after the study of theology there was no more important and interesting study than that of history. The lecture was one of many treasured events in connection with the visit of the amiable prelate.

—The selection made by President Cleveland—to which more detailed reference is made in another column—of Prof. A. J. Stace, of the University, as a leading member of the Scientific Commission, representing the United States in the world's Exposition of Paris in 1889, is one that, while affording the greatest satisfaction and pleasure to the numerous friends of the

Professor throughout the country, at the same time furnishes another proof of the careful discrimination and general regard for the furtherance of the best interests of the people manifested by our chief Executive. We are pleased to state that our genial and talented Professor Stace is rapidly recovering from his recent illness, and will, we have every hope, be blessed with a speedy restoration to health, and in due time be ready to fill, with dignity and honor to himself and his *Alma Mater*, a position for which he is so eminently qualified.

—A more impressive and beautiful sight could not be witnessed than that which took place in the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist on Friday morning. The occasion was the First Friday of the month consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, according to the revelation made by Our Blessed Lord Himself to Blessed Margaret Mary. The high altar was decorated with the choicest flowers from St. Edward's Park, while the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, on the side altar, was literally embowered in flowers and lights. A new organ used for the first time accompanied a full choir of Princes. Very Rev. Father General said Mass, and preached such an eloquent, thrilling sermon on the Sacred Heart as the youngest Minim will be likely to remember as long as he lives. Alluding to the devotion to the Sacred Heart, he said: "The aim of the education of the 19th century is to educate the head, not the heart, and the results cannot fail to be fatal to the best interests of our country and to society. But, thank God, it is not so with you. At Notre Dame your intellect and your powers, moral and physical, are developed to the fullest extent, at the same time that all the beautiful influences of religion are thrown around you; and the heart, the noblest organ in man, is educated and moulded. But of all the means of elevating and ennobling the heart that of devotion to the Sacred Heart is the most effectual. In that Divine Heart, so full of goodness and love, you will find a model of all those virtues that will make you dear to God and man. It gives me great joy to be invited here this morning to formally consecrate the whole department, and each one of you individually, to that most adorable Heart. I feel it will be the advent of rich blessings to all connected with St. Edward's Hall." The Very Rev. speaker never seemed more enthusiastic, or more eloquent. His golden words cannot fail to have a lasting effect on his youthful hearers. Later in the day an association was formed

among the students of the department, which will in due time be affiliated to the great Society which counts its members in every part of the world.

An Interesting Letter.

Very Rev. Father Corby's presence at the late reunion of the veterans of the memorable battle of Gettysburg—already noticed in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC—has been the occasion of the receipt of a number of letters from old-time soldiers unable to be present at the celebration. They all express the sentiments of esteem and affection retained for their former chaplain, and regrets that circumstances should have prevented their meeting once more together. An extract from a letter, written by Captain John Dwyer, Editor of *The Sandy Hill Herald*, N. Y., narrates an incident which will be of more than personal interest, and we take the liberty of giving it herewith:

"MY DEAR FATHER CORBY:

"I have just been reading an account of the dedication and the Brigade doings at Gettysburg. It has pleased me to read of your name in that connection, as well as that of your esteemed co-laborer, Father Oulette. I had intended to be there, but at the last moment was deprived of that great pleasure. How I should like to be a participant and meet my old comrades again, and none more than yourself, although, probably, I am entirely gone from your memory.

"I will recall an incident that you will probably remember: After the desperate assault on Mayre's Heights at Fredericksburgh, the 63d—my regiment—was ordered to assemble on the dock. While doing so, and crossing one of the streets, a round shot from the enemy's batteries tore through our ranks. Captain John Sullivan and Captain P. J. Condon were at the head of the column, marching side by side. Reaching the start, Sullivan sang out: 'Double quick!' He reached the middle of the highway when the cannon ball hit him. I was a few paces behind. Sullivan was thrown against Condon, and my impression was that both were killed. Condon jumped to his feet after being hurled some paces, and got out of danger. Sullivan lay where he fell. I called four of our men and carried the sufferer into the protection of a house; opened his bosom, and could find no heart. Unbuckling his belt, found his stomach covered with blood. He did not speak, but groaned; he was conscious. Fearing he was dying, I stooped down and asked him if he could repeat an act of contrition. He nodded his head in assent. In the meantime I hurried Sergeant Hart of my company after Father Corby, who was at the upper end of the town with his regiment. We had just concluded our act of devotion, which was recited very slowly, when you put in an appearance, having run all the way. Without much ceremony I explained the situation; you heard poor Sullivan's confession—I believe he could not talk—as well as you could, and gave him absolution. All this time, as you know, the enemy was not idle. He was shelling the town, and many were being hit. The assault at the heights was continued, and hundreds were being sent before their God. The cannonading and musketry were incessant.

Having done all in your power for the dying soldier, I had a door torn from a neighboring house, and placing the sufferer thereon, a man at each corner, we carried him over the pontoon bridge to the other side of the river. There were thousands in that procession, all wounded. We kept going until darkness set in, and

halted in the bush. Fortunately, I found an abandoned camp (artillery) where we found shelter for the night. All this time Capt. Sullivan never spoke a word, but was in intense suffering. Got him into a field hospital next day (our own division); and he lived two days. The day he died I went to see him and found you again ministering to the wounded and dying. At my visit you were writing a letter for Lieutenant Bermingham, of New York, who was shot in the leg. He also died in a few days. Sullivan's body I had sent home to Albany, New York.....

Books and Periodicals.

—*The Art Amateur* for October gives an excellent colored fac-simile of "Stormy Weather Off the Coast of Maine," painted in oils by Edward Moran, who talks instructively about Marine painting, and also gives directions for painting this picture. There is a striking double-page design "Night-hawk and Nightingales," together with a crayon portrait study of a little girl, china painting designs for a honey-dish (apple blossoms) and a cracker jar (lillies), a continuation of the fish-plate series, a bold figure design (George Washington) for a large hammered brass plaque, and a companion (Mary Washington) is promised for the next number. There are a page of monograms, and various wood-carving and embroidery designs and motives for decorative borders. Excellent articles are given on painting wild flowers, landscape painting, china painting, carving and other practical art topics. There are also suggestive "talks" with a Japanese expert on oriental Ceramics and with the architect Bruce Price on the use of terra-cotta in decoration. The various minor departments are specially well filled.

—The Very Rev. I. T. Hecker contributes an article on the "Mission of Leo XIII" to the October number of *The Catholic World*. He takes the recent lecture of Bishop Keane on the subject as his text, and shows how the characteristics of the present age—the unprecedented diffusion of intelligence and liberty—can realize the ideal of Christian perfection; The tendency of an age finds expression in its religious life, and hence in these times the wider cultivation of more personal union with the Holy Spirit, and a greater emphasis of religion as a progressive, rather than a conservative force characterize the providential mission of Leo XIII. "What is the Good of the Kindergarten?" is the title of another article. The writer has evidently given the most careful study to the subject of primary instruction, and is at some pains to show that the methods of the kindergarten are founded on the laws of human development. In these methods is found the most consistent and practical approach to the ideal in education—the harmonious development of the threefold nature of man—physical, intellectual, and spiritual.

—In the October number of *St. Nicholas* "Two Little Confederates" ends, and there is a third instalment of "Little Ike Templin," telling of

his sojourn in a well; Helen Gray Cone describes a "go-as-you-please" race between "The Civilized King and the Semi-barbarous Giant," and how it was won by the latter; Jessie C. Glasier sends a little missionary "From House to House," and recounts her experiences in this new Pilgrim's Progress; William O. Stoddard gives a story of woodland experience, wherein three "Boy Bears" succeeded in catching themselves in a bear-trap; T. A. Janvier entertains us with the amusing circumstances which led to the "bilging" of "The Bilged Midshipman"; Mary W. Porter confers the rare privilege of reading the autobiography of "The Great Man of the Family" long before the greatness has begun; Emily H. Leland, in "How a Little Boy Camped Out," has chronicled the brave but brief adventure of a boy in his own back yard. Of a descriptive nature are: "Sea-gulls from the Light-house," by Louie Lyndon, and "A Floating Home," by Edmund Wilson, both full of that loving interpretation of animal life which is childhood's own; and "Tea," by E. H. Libby, a brief article giving all the facts which any one need care to know about tea and its history.

—The October *Century* closes the 36th volume and 18th year of that periodical. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of the late Emma Lazarus, the Jewish poet of New York. The opening illustrated article of the number is a paper by Richard Jefferies, on "An English Deer-park," with illustrations by Alfred Parsons and Bryan Hook. Theodore Roosevelt closes his Ranch series with an anecdotal paper on "Frontier Types," the text being expanded by a number of Remington's studies of Western character and incidents. Another illustrated article is on "American Machine Cannon and Dynamite Guns." But to most readers the most interesting and important illustrated article of the number will doubtless be George Kennan's description of "The Tomsk Forwarding Prison," in his series on the Siberian Exile System. This instalment of the Lincoln series is on "Plans of Campaign," and is a full and authoritative statement of Lincoln's reasons for interference in the conduct of the war, in the early days of the McClellan régime. The fact that Lincoln took up the study of war scientifically is here brought out. Another paper having a war subject is Walt Whitman's memoranda, made at the time, of "Army Hospitals and Cases," giving scenes among the wounded soldiers in Whitman's individual and vivid prose style.

—The October *Wide Awake* opens with a delightful story of some original "Shut-Ins" by Mrs. Elia Peattie, which we hope may be read by all invalids everywhere. Another sunny page from life, recording the good human beings may do to one another, is Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells's readable article about the Massachusetts' Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, entitled "Some Children of the M. S. P. C. C." "A Dogocracy," by Miss Risely Seward, de-

scribes the strange canine communities of Constantinople, where the dogs separate themselves into wards and districts—we commend this amusing article to all who doubt the existence of intellect in animals. "Puck and Puppypult," by George Parsons Lathrop, is a dog story too, a droll one, showing a funny side of a dog's character. This number publishes a remarkably fine historical paper, with some twenty illustrations; it is from the pen of Miss Harris, and is entitled "Daniel Webster in his New Hampshire Home." It deals with the home-life and the heart-traits of the great American statesman, and tells the small home-y things about him that our young folks would like to know. Very little has been taken from published sources, but nearly all from aged friends and neighbors, diaries and letters, and from the family of his steward, John Taylor. There is also a good art-article, well illustrated, "The Medal Children of the Renaissance," by Frances H. Throop.

—Discussion of social and political questions, natural history and human science, predominate in the October number of *The Popular Science Monthly*. In the first article Prof. E. D. Cope considers, from a strictly philosophical point of view, "The Relation of the Sexes to Government," drawing his argument against woman suffrage from its tendency to disturb the natural relations of the sexes. In "A Living Mystery" Grant Allen illustrates the whole process of birth and reproduction from the life-history of a pea. Prof. W. K. Brooks concludes his interesting, though somewhat technical paper, which is made clearer by fitting illustrations, on "The Growth of Jelly-Fishes." Dr. Christian A. Herter tells, from the point of view of the school of which Bernheim is the chief representative, "What Hypnotism is and what it is not." Robert Mathews makes an application of the law of the struggle for existence to questions of "Ethics and Economics." Mrs. Alice Bodington, in "Curiosities of Evolution," describes the "pineal gland," an organ which, more or less highly developed in various lower animals, and rudimentary in man, is presented as a most "curious instance of survival, inherited probably from some transparent invertebrate ancestor with a median eye." M. Emile Blanchard, of the French Academy of Sciences, gives a liberally illustrated account of "Spiders and their Ways." "What is known of the Earth" is summarized by lieutenant-General R. Strachey. M. Paul Topinard, of the French École d'Anthropologie, in "The Last Stages in the Genealogy of Man," reviews the relations of the animals that are grouped in the order of the Primates, in an effort to determine where among them man's ancestors may be found. A portrait and sketch are given of J. B. Boussingault, the founder of the modern science of agricultural chemistry. "State Education in England," and "The Cleveland Meeting of the American Association," are the subjects of the "Editor's Table."

Obituary.

REV. MICHAEL B. BROWN, '62.

On Wednesday, the 19th ult., the Rev. M. B. Brown, a graduate of the Class of '62, and for a number of years Professor in the University, departed this life at St. Paris, Champaign County, Ohio, where he had been the esteemed Rector. He was distinguished as a man of varied talents and accomplishments, and the author of several works. May he rest in peace!

REV. JOHN FORD.

On Monday last the venerable chaplain of St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, died quite suddenly. He was in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and last June, a year ago, had celebrated his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood. The deceased priest was well known to all at Notre Dame, having resided here after resigning, in 1864, an extensive parochial charge in New Jersey, in which, for years, he had labored with success. He was a zealous and efficient worker in the vineyard of the Lord, even despite old age and infirmity, devoting himself actively to the labors of the Sacred Ministry. The funeral took place from the college church on Tuesday, when Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Father Stoffel, and attended by the clergy and religious of the Community. The remains were interred in the Community cemetery at Notre Dame. May he rest in peace!

Personal.

—Mr. M. B. Mulkern, '88, is an employe in the Dubuque, Iowa, post-office.

—Mr. Henry Luhn, of '88, is finishing his medical course at the University of Pennsylvania.

—Mr. John J. Hamlyn, '86, is assistant assayer for the Boston & Montana Mining Company at Gunderson, Montana.

—Theodore Hake (Com'l), '86, holds a responsible position in the National City Bank of Grand Rapids, Mich.

—We regret to learn that Prof. J. McCue was hurriedly summoned home on Wednesday last on account of sickness in the family.

—Albert Hake, of '87, is in the office of his brother, Dr. W. F. Hake, one of the most prominent and successful physicians of Grand Rapids, Mich.

—Miss Mary Chirhart, of Clay Township, and Mr. D. MacCreery, of South Bend, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony in the University church last Tuesday morning.

—Prof. A. F. Zahm went to Hamilton, Ohio, on Tuesday last to attend the marriage of Mr. W. Rumely, '81, to whom the SCHOLASTIC extends its heartiest congratulations.

—A cablegram was received on Tuesday last announcing the safe arrival at Antwerp of Rev. Fathers Fallize, Roche and Boerres *en route* to

Bengal, India, whose departure from Notre Dame was chronicled in the SCHOLASTIC two weeks ago.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the American Catholic University, returned and spent a few days at Notre Dame during the week to the pleasure and delight of all. During his stay, Bishop Keane superintended the printing of the Statutes for the new University.

—A welcome visitor to the College on Wednesday last was the Hon. Richard Turpie, United States Senator from Indiana. Senator Turpie was accompanied by Prof. Howard of South Bend and Warden Murdock of Michigan City. The party, after inspecting the buildings and the many objects of interest, were entertained at dinner by Rev. President Walsh.

—We are pained to learn that Prof. A. J. Stace, of Notre Dame, is seriously ill. He has now been confined to his bed for over a week. Professor Stace has been for nearly thirty years connected with the University of Notre Dame, and is a gentleman of the highest scientific and literary attainments, at the same time that he is of the most unassuming manners and kindly disposition. He has, therefore, won the esteem and love of all who know him, and their name is legion. Last spring Congress provided for the representation of the United States at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and in June, at the request of Congressman Shively, Prof. Stace was selected by President Cleveland as one of the scientific experts in charge of American interests, and to report to the Government on matters connected with the great Exposition. A better appointment could not be made. Prof. Stace is not only a scientist of the highest order and a writer of the purest literary style, but also a consummate master of the French language and literature. The position of expert at the Paris Exposition is one of pleasure and profit as well as of distinction, and has been eagerly sought by literary and scientific men throughout the country, and the appointment by the President of Professor Stace is a marked, as it is a deserved, honor to himself and to the noble University of which he has been so long an ornament. His sickness at the present time is, therefore, a peculiar sorrow to his friends. We trust it may be of short duration. The Exposition opens in April next, and we understand it to be the intention of Professor Stace to take his departure for Paris in December, or early in January, to prepare to enter on his duties. While we felicitate the gentle and learned Professor upon the distinguished honor which has been conferred upon him by the President, we feel that we but voice the sentiment of his hosts of friends throughout the country, particularly the old students of Notre Dame, when we express the hope that his health may soon be fully restored, and that his stay in sunny France may be pleasant to himself as it will be profitable to the interests of American science, which he goes to represent.—*South Bend Times*.

Local Items.

- The B. P. is immense.
- Next Saturday is St. Edward's Day.
- We would like to hear from the Band.
- The Grads have organized a quartette.
- Did you attend the wedding and reception?
- The orchestra was reorganized on Thursday.
- Boat races and the annual field sports next week.
- Drilling was actively resumed Thursday morning.
- The Minim military company will soon be reorganized.
- A handsome pennant will be awarded the champion nine in the Minims.
- As captain of a crew and as an all-around athlete, Freddie seems to bear off the palm.
- We are pleased to note that the genial and patriotic "Uncle Sam" has returned to his wonted haunts.
- The denizens of the SCHOLASTIC Office gratefully acknowledge the receipt of some interesting "copy." Call again!
- The students' annual retreat will begin on the evening of the 29th inst., and terminate on the morning of Nov. 1.
- Prof. Bartholomew's Equine Paradox was to have been here this week, but suitable arrangements could not be made in time.
- A gallery and second tier of cases have been ordered for the Library to provide for the rapidly increasing number of books.
- Lost.—On the Senior Campus, a First Honor Medal. The finder will be rewarded on returning it to the Rev. Prefect of Discipline.
- The Preparatory classes of Anatomy, Physiology and *Materia Medica* were inaugurated during the week under the direction of Dr. Berteling.
- The increase of students has led to the partitioning off of the lower end of the lower corridor in the main building for a temporary trunk room.
- Lost.—A gold pen and ivory holder in plain case, valued particularly as a souvenir. Finder will be suitably rewarded on returning it to the SCHOLASTIC Office.
- Mr. Arthur Leonard has resigned his position as captain of the second Senior baseball nine on account of his onerous duties in connection with the captaincy of the *Minnehaha*.
- The Crescent Club Orchestra is busy preparing for the celebration of St. Edward's Day. Burger, first violin, leader; Franklin, second violin; Melady, Bass; Howard, cornet; Reinhard, piano.
- The first championship game in the Seniors was played last Tuesday. The "Reds" won by a score of 7 to 6. The weather was chilly and was the cause of much loose playing. Nine innings were not played.
- Great credit is due to the energetic Director of the Boat Club for the manner in which the

grounds immediately surrounding the boat house have been laid out and beautified. The locality forms a very pleasant resort.

—The question "before the house" is: How to find study-hall and dormitory accommodations until Sorin Hall is completed? The attendance this year is unprecedented in the history of the College. However, it is very probable, that very early next month, the new building will be ready for occupancy.

—The will of the late Professor Lyons probated recently bequeaths his life insurance policy of five thousand dollars to the University of Notre Dame to serve as an endowment fund to secure at least two lectures to be delivered annually before the students of the University by Bishops or Archbishops of the United States.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby, Rev. President Walsh and Father Hudson speak in the highest terms of their visit to St. Paul, on the occasion of the installation of Most Rev. John Ireland as first Archbishop of that city. Gregori's portrait of his Grace was exhibited in one of the reception rooms of the Hotel Ryan where it was seen and admired by many persons.

—The first Rugby football game was played Tuesday. The "Blacks," captained by B. Sawkins, defeated the "Browns," captained by E. Melady by a score of 27 to 4. The game was too one-sided to be interesting. Some of the new material was tested in the game. The special team will undoubtedly be capable of putting up a better game than last year's eleven.

—The decisive game of the championship series between the Senior first nines resulted in a victory for the "Reds." The "Blues" played a strong game up to the eighth inning when they got rattled, and allowed the "Reds" to have six runs.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
REDS—	1	0	0	2	0	2	0	6	0	=11
BLUES—	5	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	=9

—The 1st regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held on Saturday evening, Sept. 22. The Society was reorganized and the following were elected to fill the offices for the ensuing session: President, Rev. T. E. Walsh; Vice-President, T. A. Goebel; Recording Secretary, V. E. Morrison; Corresponding Secretary, D. Barrett; Treasurer, W. Morrison.

—The Leonine Literary Society of St. Aloysius' Seminary was reorganized on Thursday last, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing session: President, Rev. J. J. French, C. S. C.; Vice-President, J. W. Cavanagh; Recording Secretary, H. A. Holden; Corresponding Secretary, M. J. O'Connell; First Censor, T. E. Crumley; Second Censor, M. Donahue; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. Just.

—The St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association reorganized with the following officers: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; Bro. Lawrence, C. S. C., Promoter; L. Kehoe, 1st Vice-President; R. Ramsey, 2d

Vice-President; R. Boyd, Recording Secretary; F. Wile, Corresponding Secretary; L. Riedinger, Treasurer; C. Frei, 1st Censor; J. Cunningham, 2d Censor.

—The two first nines of the Junior department played their first championship game last Tuesday afternoon, resulting in a victory for the "Reds." The features of the game were the batting of Krembs, and the pitching of Campbell, he striking eleven men in eight innings.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
REDS—	5	7	4	0	3	0	1	3	*=23
BLUES—	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0=2

—The third regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society was held Wednesday, September 26. On opening the meeting, the Rev. President made a few remarks as to the adoption at the next meeting of the constitution, the committee having decided upon the readoption of the old constitution. The following were elected to membership: S. Campbell, J. Hepburn, F. Burns, E. Blessington, J. McAuliffe, J. J. Brennan, J. Welch, O. Rothert and W. O'Brien.

—The Lemonnier Boat Club has elected the following officers: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; President, Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C.; Commodore, Frank Fehr; Recording Secretary, Geo. H. Craig; Corresponding Secretary, J. V. O'Donnell; Captains of four-oared gigs, F. Springer and L. Meagher; Captains of six-oared barges, F. L. Jewett and A. E. Leonard. The election of a Treasurer was postponed until the next meeting, and in the meantime the President of the club will act in that capacity.

—The Football Association met in the Senior reading-room Thursday afternoon and organized for the season by electing the following officers: Director, Bro. Paul, C. S. C.; President, Bro. Marcellinus, C. S. C.; Vice-President, J. V. O'Donnell; Treasurer, J. E. Cusack; Secretary, Geo. Craig; Captains, E. Melady and E. Sawkins. Messrs. T. Coady and S. Campbell were elected captains to choose sides when the old-fashioned rough and tumble game is to be played. The captains of the two elevens will pick the special team, and the special team will afterwards elect their own captain.

—The Philosophic Circle, otherwise known as the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas, has been reorganized under the direction of its amiable Professor, Father Fitte. The following is the result of the election of officers held on the 29th of September last: Very Rev. E. Sorin, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Rev. N. Stoffel, C. S. C., Assistant Promoter; Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., Director; P. E. Burke, President; T. Goebel, 1st Vice-President; J. Meagher, 2d Vice-President; A. Larkin, Recording Secretary; E. Chacon, Corresponding Secretary; V. Morrison, Treasurer.

—On Friday the 28th ult., Prof. J. F. Edwards called a meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association in St. Edward's Hall, when the election of officers for the first session took

place with the following result: Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, Bishop of Ft. Wayne, Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. J. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; Bro. Cajetan, C. S. C., General Critic; V. Kehoe, 1st Vice-President; B. Bates, Corresponding Secretary; F. Toolen, Recording Secretary; H. Connelly, Librarian; J. Dempsey, Marshall; H. Mooney, 1st Monitor; M. Elkin, 2d Monitor; C. Franche, 1st Censor; Jesse Dungan, 2d Censor; C. Connor, Sergeant-at-Arms; G. Franche, *Chargé d'Affaires*; F. Dunn, Standard-Bearer.

—The following are the officers of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Assistant Director; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; Bro. Lawrence, C. S. C., Promoter; W. P. McPhee, 1st Vice-President; John J. McGrath, 2d Vice-President; W. P. Devine, Treasurer; E. R. Adelsperger, Recording Secretary; J. E. Berry, Corresponding Secretary; J. A. Wright, Historian; Leo J. Scherrer, 1st Censor; John J. Rheinhard, 2d Censor; H. D. Bronson, Sergeant-at-Arms. At the second regular meeting of the association, Messrs. H. Pecheux, James McIntosh, G. O'Brien and E. Hughes were elected to membership. W. McPhee and J. McGrath read essays, and Masters Rheinhard and Berry gave recitations. At the third meeting essays were read by Masters Hughes and Pecheux, and H. Bronson read a criticism on the previous meeting. J. McNulty was elected a member.

—Accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.:—Medallion miniatures of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Harkins of Providence, R. I., beautifully painted on glass and mounted on polished brass easels, presented by Brother William. Ancient crucifix of carved wood, gilded, presented by Mrs. C—. Seventy-four original letters written by Bishops Gross and Becker, Father Sourin, S. J., and several Redemptorist missionary priests of Maryland, presented by Mrs. H. Goldsborough. Cabinet photograph of James A. McMaster; photograph of Mr. McMaster seated in his study, presented by Mrs. Maurice F. Egan. Several original letters written by prelates, presented by Professor Egan. Letter written by Father St. Cyr, first priest stationed in Chicago; nine letters written by American and Canadian Bishops, presented by Rev. Father Walsh. Engravings of Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, and Bishop Gallagher of Galveston, presented by Brother Philip. Life-size oil-painting of Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan richly framed in gold; lithograph and autograph of Rev. Father Weninger, S. J.; standing full-length picture of Bishop Bourget, of Montreal; large lithograph of Rev. James B. Donelan, of St. Matthew's Church, Washington; engraving of the Abbé Ferland; lot of pictures, papers and pamphlets referring to the history of Canada, presented by Major Edmond Mallet, United States Indian Commis-

sioner. Steel engraving of Right Rev. Bishop Keane, presented by Sister M. Paula. Full-length standing photograph of Bishop Keane, taken shortly after his consecration, presented by Mr. E. Edgerly.

—THE LEMONNIER BOAT CLUB.—The past year has been an eventful one in the history of the Lemonnier Boat Club. Early in the season it was seen that the quarters used for many years were not adequate for the large increase in membership. Plans were then made for a house, that would contain all the conveniences for the accommodation of the members and the handling of boats. During the second session the contract was let, and the new building was ready for occupancy on commencement. The new house presents a pleasing appearance: is large and commodious being two stories in height, with a mansard roof. A wall through the centre divides it into two compartments reserved respectively for the six and four-oared barges. In the compartment to the right, separated from the pleasure-boats by a neat gate, are the new four barges, the *Yosemite* and the *Montmorency*; these boats were designed and built especially for the Lemonnier Club by Douglas & Co., of Waukegan, Ill. They are staunch of build, and of beauty in model, the timber used being the best-seasoned cedar, finished in oil. These boats are furnished with outriggers, sliding seats, and all of the latest improvements in racing boats. To the left are the old heroes, the *Minnehaha* and the *Evangeline*, favorites in races for the past eight years. The second floor when finished will contain a gymnasium fitted for the winter training of crews, a reading room where the members may assemble in the months of winter. Besides these two larger rooms, there will be several smaller ones to be used for various purposes. The pleasure-boats, six in number, furnish much enjoyment to the members of the club, and are the gifts of generous friends. The finest of them all is the *Henry*, presented by the club's ever kind friend, Mr. Henry Heller. Messrs. Adler Bros., besides their donation of a gold watch, gave to the club a handsome little boat called the *Jubilee*; the *M. Livingstone* bears the name of its liberal doner; the *Wave* is the gift of Douglas & Co.; the *Nymph* and the *Maria* were purchased by a few members and donated to the club. At a recent meeting of the club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Director, Rev. President Walsh, C. S. C.; President, Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C.; Recording Secretary, Geo. Craig; Corresponding Secretary, J. V. O'Donnell; Commodore, Frank Fehr; Captains of the four-oared barges, L. Meagher and Frank Springer; Captains of the six-oared barges, Fred Jewett, and Arthur Leonard. The Captains of the four-oared barges have chosen their crews for St. Edward's day as follows:

L. Meagher, No. 4;	E. Sawkins, No. 4;
T. Coady, No. 3;	F. Springer, No. 3;
P. Brownson, No. 2;	J. Hepburn, No. 2;
E. McErlaine, No. 1;	E. Prudhomme, No. 1.
J. V. O'Donnell, Coxswain;	J. M. Kelly, Coxswain.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Adams, Alvarez, Brelsford, Bronson, Bunker, Bombeck, Bretz, Burns, Burger, Blessington, Bruggemann, Barnes, Brown, Brewer, Beckwith, Barrett, Burke, Crabb, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, Campbell, Chacon, G. Cooke, Jno. Cusack, Jos. Cusack, Cullen, Casey, Carroll, Cartier, Cavanagh, Carney, T. Coady, Chute, Draper, Dacy, Dore, Delaney, Darragh, Dougherty, A. Finckh, Fehr, Foster, Fisk, J. Fleming, Grange, Göke, Goebel, Jno. Giblin, Jos. Giblin, Gallardo, Greenman, J. Galen, Henderson, W. Hacket, Healy, Hayes, Hermann, M. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hill, Hummer, E. Howard, Jennings, Karasynski, Kinsella, Kimball, Knight, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, Leonard, F. Long, L. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkin, G. Long, McNally, Murphy, McErlaine, Maloney, McAllister, Mackey, Jno. McCarthy, Mattes, Madden, McKeon, J. McCarthy, McGinnty, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, McGuire, J. Meagher, McLeod, Andrew Nicholl, Newton, O'Donnell, O'Flaherty, O'Shea, W. O'Brien, E. O'Brien, R. Papin, Paquett, Prichard, Pollock, Patterson, Read, Robinson, Rorke, Roberts, Richardson, Rothert, Stewart, Schmitz, R. Sullivan, Stanfield, Steiger, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, Toner, Tiernan, Velasco, Woods, Wise, Wade, Welch, Wagoner, Witlock, Waixel, Watson, Webb, Youngermann, Younker, Zeitler, Zeller.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, W. Allen, Aarons, Ayer, Adams, Bronson, Bombeck, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, R. Boyd, Blumenthal, P. Bryan, Bailly, Bradley, Batters, Bearinger, Brown, A. Campbell, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, J. Connors, E. Connors, Ciarcoschi, Case, Covert, J. Connolly, E. Campbell, Collins, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Dinkel, L. Davis, N. Davis, Des Garennes, E. Du Brul, Dunn, W. Devine, A. Devine, D'Arcy, Dempsey, Daniels, Duffield, Erwin, Ernest, Elder, Flannigan, T. Falvey, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, S. Fleming, Foley, Frei, Fitzgerald, Girsch, Garrabrant, Green, Heinzen, Heard, J. Healy, R. Healy, P. Healy, Heller, Hess, Howard, Hinkley, Hanrahan, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Houlihan, Hague, Ibold, Irwin, Johns, Jewett, Kearns, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, Kellner, Lamon, Louisell, Moncada, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Mainzer, Malone, Mayer, Morrison, C. Mooney, McDonnell, McCartney, McDonough, Merkle, McNulty, McMahan, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McCarthy, Nockles, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brian, P. O'Brian, O'Mara, O'Donnell, Paquett, Peters, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Powers, Quinlan, I. Rose, S. Rose, A. Roth, E. Roth, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Sheehan, Stanton, Schultze, Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Savage, Silver, Shear, M. Smith, Talbot, Welch, Weitzel, Wile, Williamson, Wood, Willien, Wilbanks.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, Burns, Beringer, E. Bryan, Connolly, Cornell, W. Creedon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Cohn, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crane, Crandall, Downing, Durand, Du Quesne, J. Dungan, Jas. Dungan, F. Dempsey, Dorsey, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, C. Franche, G. Franche, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, R. Hinds, Hedenbergh, Johns, Jonquet, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, G. Livingston, Londoner, Loneran, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, C. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, E. McDonnell, McGuire, Mooney, Montague, Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Ricksecker, Roberts, L. Rea, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Steineman, Toolen, Trujillo, Witkowskey, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox, Wilson.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The classes in Theoretical Music are now in regular running order.

—Much to everyone's delight, the work of preparation for the new building is going on rapidly.

—Miss L. Marks, of the Junior department, and Maggie McHugh, of the Minims, are the wearers of the politeness crosses this week.

—The Juniors have at last discovered the proper use of the pointed hoods and cloaks. They are especially designed for visits to the orchard, and they hold a week's supply of apples.

—The little Chapel of Loreto is still the favorite shrine of the Children of Mary; each day a few moments are taken from recreation by most of the sodalists, who go to ask aid where they know they can never meet a refusal.

—Competitions have begun; the example having been set by the First Seniors, who held one in Literature last Tuesday. Misses Barry and Bates acted as Captains. The contest proved a victory for Miss Barry's followers as they had one prisoner from the other party when the bell rang.

—At the weekly reading of the points, Miss L. Meehan read an appropriate selection—"Legend of the Rosary;" and Miss T. Balch gave "The Schoolmaster and the Truants." Very Rev. Father General addressed a few words to them on the consoling doctrine which insures a loving remembrance of the dead.

—In compliance with the order of the Holy Father, a High Mass of Requiem was sung on Sunday last by Rev. Father Zahm. Rev. Father French delivered a sermon on the doctrine of praying for the dead; he left nothing unsaid that could appeal to the mind or heart, and awakened a holy ardor to relieve the souls of those departed dear ones who may still be suffering in purgatory.

—Prof. M. F. Egan's lecture on "Chaucer" was received with keen interest, as the attention shown clearly proved. A desire to learn more about the father of English poetry, is one of the results of the lecture as is evidenced from the number who ask the Librarian for works relating to Chaucer and his times. Prof. Egan's Catholic spirit and evident sincerity are a striking contrast to professional lecturers who mould the expression of their opinions to suit the audience.

—The officers of the Sodality of the Holy Angels, for the present year are: President, Mary Rinehart; Vice-President, Stella Dempsey; Secretary, Eva Quealey; Treasurer, Mary Miller;

Librarian, Clara Kloth. The society is composed of Juniors and Minims; a regular reception was held on Tuesday the Feast of the Holy Angels, when the following were received as aspirants: M. and L. McHugh, M. Scherrer, E. Regan, Z. Johns, C. Daily, S. Göke, K. Sweeney, K. Barry, J. Smyth, M. Smyth, M. Patier, S. Smyth, L. Kaspar, and N. Smyth. Those who became full members were A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg, E. Burns and G. Lauth. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Father General, who addressed a few words to them on the necessity of becoming each day more like their patrons, the angels. A half-holiday and a walk to the orchard followed by a tempting lunch in the refectory, were features of the day.

Borrowing from the Future.

Adelaide Procter tells us that "nothing resting in its own completeness can have worth or beauty," but that "everything leads to fuller, deeper, higher sweetness than its own"; with us all, the sunshine of days to come gilds the present hour, and fancy, with a thousand charms, bids us forget the debt we are contracting and which fruition will demand. "To-morrow" is the goal to which fancy leads us, and to each one does that goal present a different aspect. To the school-girl it marks the time when studies will be over; when on Commencement day she stands crowned with the laurels of well-earned success. Then it is that she lingers at the entrance into real life as a person standing in the vestibule of some vast cathedral; he sees the lights far up the aisle, while his soul is flooded with joy as the strains of the organ reach his ear. He sees only the altar; the shadows hide the stations of the cross, but they are there. So along the walks of life will the young heart find the cross mid sorrow's shade.

"The brain contains ten thousand cells,
In each some active fancy dwells,"

says the poet, and the daily experience of each one of us proves the truth of the couplet. How much of imagination enters into our every act. Our own abilities are magnified by self, and eagerly we enter into undertakings that promise wonders; but, alas! when reality comes, we acknowledge that we overrated our powers. Our friends, too, viewed through fancy's glass, are endowed with qualities noble and good; time proves harsh to us, for often we discover that self-interest was the motive which actuated kindness we appreciated at so great worth. In the distance fame awaits us; honors beckon

us on, and with unflagging zeal we hasten forward, our hearts light and joyous. We grasp the crown extended, and its lustre is far less than we had pictured it; fame proves a disappointment, and so, looking around, we are lured by another hope still ahead, and start off in pursuit only to meet a new pain. Success brings joy; and there are many who resolutely press on and, overcoming all obstacles, attain that which for years has been an incentive to greatest efforts; yet scarcely have they made the object of their labors their own than they look around for "new worlds to conquer." See the business man as he hastens to his occupation, his mind is travelling faster than his feet; already has it traversed the years that must intervene between the present struggle and the enjoyment of ease and wealth: the counting-room is forgotten; men raise their hats to him as he passes; he hears the whisper of his name now famous, as he is pointed out by passers-by; unconsciously he raises his head, and — finds himself at the door of his establishment, a hard day's work before him and opulence still in the distant future. Yet, who shall say that that dream accomplished no good? It infused new energy into his labor, and strengthened his heart for the toils that lay before him. All the day seemed brighter for that morning dream.

There are some persons whose greatest happiness consists in being unhappy. They live through countless trials and losses by letting imagination carry them forward to evils that may never come. No good is unmixed to them, the sun is shining to-day, but it may rain to-morrow; wealth brings comfort, but thieves may break in and steal. Thus in all circumstances there is anxiety regarding the future. Much joy and much sorrow is given to the world by means of fancy and to avoid the pain it brings we must forego its pleasure and live in the present; but to most of us "expecting joy is a happy pain," and we would not lightly give up the pleasant hours afforded us by day dreams. To the young particularly is imagination a source of joy, it tints all things with brightest hues, and it is not until time has toned down the colors visible in youth, to sombre tints, that we realize the truth so beautifully expressed by Adelaide Procter:

"Sad it may be to be longing, with a patience faint and weary
For a hope deferred; sadder still to see it fade and fall.
But to grasp the thing we seek for, then to see how it
can fail us
Is the saddest pain of all."

LETICIA MEEHAN. (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Ansbach, Anson, Andree, Ash, E. Balch, Bub, T. Balch, Burton, Bloom, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, M. B. Clifford, Coll, Campeau, Cleaveland, Currier, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, M. Clifford, Coll, Cohn, Connell, Crabbe, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, Daube, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Fursman, Gavan, Gordon, Griffith, Geer, Grace, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hughes, Hamilton, Hepburn, Hagus, Harmes, Hutchinson, Huber, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Irwin, Johnson, Jungblut, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, Koepplinger, A. Keeney, Koopman, Linneen, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, McCarthy, Mercer, McCune, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Norton, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Paul, Quill, Quealey, Reidinger, Rend, Robinson, Regan, Roberts, Rentfrow, M. Smith, Slesinger, Spurgeon, Schrock, Studebaker, Simpson, Thayer, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Van Riper, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Wright, Webb, Wehr, Waterbury, Waixel, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Bloom, E. Burns, M. Burns, Burdick, Burchard, Campbell, Churchill, A. Cooper, E. Cooper, Cooke, Crane, Daly, M. Davis, Dexter, Dreyer, Dempsey, Dolan, Ernest, Flitner, Farwell, Göke, Griffith, Hull, L. Johns, Kahn, Kaspar, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Marks, McHugh, Miller, McPhee, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Pugsley, Penburthy, Patier, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rose, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Thirids, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Crandell, Davis, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, Papin, Palmer, S. Smith, N. Smith, Scherrer.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses L. McNamara, L. Van Horn, A. Donnelly, L. Ducey, C. Moran, M. Smith, A. Reidinger, E. Balch, K. Gavan, L. Meehan, M. Rend, F. Hertzog, E. Coll.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses M. Horner, A. Hammond, M. Davis, E. Flannery, F. Waterbury, M. Barry, S. Campeau.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses J. Bloom, C. Hurff, J. Currier, I. Horner, R. Van Mourick, T. Balch, M. Burton, M. Fursman, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, F. Moore, O. O'Brien, L. Griffith, E. Healy, L. Hillas, E. Quill, M. Beck, N. Morse, C. Prudhomme, H. Irwin.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses A. Ansbach, G. Clarke, M. Hughes, A. Caren, M. Gibson, B. Kingsbury, E. Nester, J. Daube, C. Miner, B. Arnold, A. Grace, M. Geer, A. Gibson, H. Nacey, L. Nelson, M. Piper, L. Compagne, S. Hamilton, C. Haight, K. Morse, A. Beschameng, J. Robinson.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses O. Butler, M. Clifford, S. Brewer, L. Waixel, H. Nester, E. Bogner, B. Hepburn, C. Beck, M. Voechting, E. Norton, B. Webb, M. McPhee, L. Dolan, G. Roberts, A. Thirids, B. Bloom, E. Churchill, M. Coll.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses E. Dempsey, D. Spurgeon, A. Keeney, G. Lauth, A. Wurzburg, M. Andree, L. Ernest, D. Davis, A. Van Riper, E. Lewis, A. Barron, M. Rinehart, M. McHugh, L. Reeves, M. Anson, J. Zahm, H. Huber, B. Flitner, M. Hull, F. Kahn, A. Penburthy.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses C. Dorsey, C. Johnson, N. Paul, B. Crabbe, M. Harmes, M. Campbell, L. Farwell, U. Bush, H. Pugsley, E. Hagus, G. Rrentfrow, F. Burdick.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses M. Smyth, M. Northam, K. Barry, N. Burchard.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses M. Davis, B. Davis, E. Cooper, J. Patrick, A. Rowley, L. McMugh, L. Johns, L. Kaspar.

2D JUNIOR CLASS—Misses E. Regan, G. Crandell, K. Sweeney.